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A TALE OF THE TYROL.

DURING one of my excursions through the remote valleys of the Northern Tyrol, I happened to make acquaintance with a very sensible and benevolent Roman Catholic clergyman, who invited me to spend a few days at his humble but hospitable abode. Amongst other interesting details respecting the rural population of his neighbourhood, he related the following circumstances connected with the history of one of his favourite parishioners. They appear to me not devoid of interest, and I shall give them as nearly as possible in his own words.

"Observe," said he, pointing to a rustic dwelling which was visible from the window where we sat—"observe that cottage nestled under the brow of the mountain, as if seeking protection from the fierce northern blast; you see it is likewise sheltered by that grove of pine-trees, and a few stunted birches, the only ones to be seen for miles around. That is the habitation of Lewis Vostner; and that slender streamlet which now winds its way down the mountain side like a thread of silver, but which, when swelled by winter rains, becomes a raging torrent—that streamlet has proved of more value to the owner of the rude heritage, than many a mine of gold has done to its possessor.

Nothing could look more unpromising, more desolate, than that spot did when first it came into Vostner's possession. He did not, however, despair; he had seen the effect produced by irrigation in other instances, and, with unremitting labour, he guided the precious waters through various channels, so as to reach and fertilise every portion of his little patrimony. He planted that grove, which, besides affording shade from the summer's heat, provides nourishment for the arid soil by the vegetable manure produced by its fallen leaves. Thus, by unwearied industry, under the guidance of an intelligent mind, he converted a barren desert into a productive farm, where he lived in comfort, and was looked up to with respect and admiration by his poorer neighbours.

A little proud of his wealth, Vostner was more proud of his only child Theresa, who grew up to womanhood with a more than usually graceful person, and a character of the most perfect gentleness, while her intellect was from various causes cultivated and refined to a degree uncommon in her rank of life. Her mother's health having declined in consequence of her exertions to assist her husband in his early difficulties, Theresa took upon herself the principal labours of the dairy. She had reached her seventeenth year without encountering any thing to mar her happiness. At this time a suitor presented himself, in Basil Affland, the son of an affluent farmer, and Vostner favoured his claims. He was surprised, however, to find that Theresa expressed great disinclination to the match, alleging that the wooer was a person whom she felt that she could never love. Vostner did not rest satisfied with this declaration, and at length wrung from her that her affections had been bestowed upon Sebastian Freileitz, an indigent orphan youth, not, as she thought, from any of the usual causes of preference, but because she had observed his well-principled conduct towards those connected with him, and particularly his kindness to a helpless grandmother who entirely depended upon him. Vostner was disappointed, but loved Theresa too well to press a suit disagreeable to her. She, on her part, was content to hope that some happy turn of fortune might yet occur to reconcile her wishes and her duty.

Matters remained in this state till the breaking out of our troubles in 1809. Ah! those were dreadful times—I cannot bear to dilate upon them. Our peaceful valleys then became the scene of cruel warfare. Our finest youths were turned into soldiers, and all our rural labours suspended. Suddenly, this retired district was threatened with an attack. Most of our young men had already joined Hofer beyond the mountains, and it was determined to send an express to him to demand succour; but who could be found to undertake the perilous office, which demanded not only the greatest intrepidity, but a perfect knowledge of the mountain-passes!—for in that consisted the only chance of escape from the Bavarian troops, who were ever on the watch for stragglers, and from whom little mercy was to be expected. It was late in the day before a suitable messenger could be procured; at length one presented himself, who all agreed was the best fitted for the purpose: this person was Sebastian. Theresa and her parents were then at our village, having left their home to avoid the risk of being surprised by the enemy in their lonely abode. She heard the tidings of Sebastian's daring enterprise with mixed feelings of pride at his patriotism and intrepidity, and terror at his danger; the latter feeling, however, prevailed. She had hitherto, in accordance with a promise to her father, been very guarded in her behaviour towards her lover. He, poor youth, had never dared to declare openly his attachment; but words were unnecessary when every look betrayed the fervour of his passion, and the very restraint he put upon it rendered it more evident to the conscious Theresa. It was only when the moment of parting came—that parting which might too probably be for ever—that the long-repressed feelings of the youthful pair burst forth without control, and that, with touching words and more persuasive tears, she besought him to guard well his life for the sake of all he loved.

The hope of proving himself worthy of obtaining the hand of Theresa, was, I believe, one of the prominent motives which induced Sebastian to court this dangerous service. It was agreed that, in case he succeeded, he should give us notice of it by lighting a signal-fire upon the opposite mountain.

As midnight approached, every eye was fixed with intense anxiety upon the appointed spot; but minutes—hours passed away, and no welcome signal greeted our eyes. Poor Theresa kept her watch unwearied, never moving from her post except for a few minutes to comfort Sebastian's old grandmother, who was too feeble to bear the fatigue of sitting up. Vain were our watchings. No light appeared.

Sebastian having evidently failed in accomplishing his mission, we passed the following day under the most dreadful apprehensions. Evening, however, brought the welcome intelligence that the enemy, from some unknown cause, had relinquished their intention of attacking our village, and had passed over on the other side.

Though no certain tidings of Sebastian's fate had yet reached us, little doubt of its nature existed in the minds of any. Theresa, though profoundly afflicted, was calm and resigned. At length, some of the youths who had been out on military service returned, and amongst them Basil Affland. His first visit was to my house, where she and her family were collected. I was struck with a certain air of suppressed triumph in his appearance, as, fixing his eyes upon her as she sat at her work, pale and silent, he began in a voice of condolence to declare that he was sorry—that it grieved him to the soul to be the bearer of such intelligence to the friends of Sebastian.

At the sound of that name, the poor girl, starting from her state of abstraction, exclaimed, "It is all over, then, and he is murdered!"

Basil looked at her for a moment with an expression of malicious satisfaction in his countenance, and then replied, "There is no occasion for this alarm about his life, Theresa. He is safe enough. He was too wise to risk that precious life for our sakes. He has, on the contrary, obtained promotion; he has been made a leader of the Bavarian troops—their guide, at least."

"And do you suppose this tale will obtain credit here!" said Theresa, looking at him with sovereign contempt. "Sebastian a guide to the enemy's forces!—Sebastian a traitor! Would I could think your assurance of his being alive less false than all the rest of your story!"

Basil's face became flushed with anger.

"I see," said he, "that it is useless for me to speak to those who are determined not to believe; before night, however, I may be able to prove beyond the possibility of doubt that I am neither a liar nor a slanderer."

So saying he departed, leaving us all in the utmost consternation—all except Theresa. She calmly said, "It is his malice only. He repeats what he cannot possibly believe. Surely no one can doubt that Sebastian would die a thousand deaths rather than commit such an action."

I hoped that she was right, but having seen more of life than the innocent Theresa, I could not place the same confidence in human virtue.

Late in the evening Basil returned, accompanied by two of the principal inhabitants of the district. Deliberately seating himself, he remained for some minutes silent. There was again that look of suppressed triumph that I had observed in the morning. "I am," said he, affecting an air of sympathy as he addressed Theresa—"I am sorry that my duty towards my country obliged me to deliver this paper into the hands of the public authorities before I made it known to you. When you have read it, you will perhaps be less ready to accuse me of calumny than you were this morning."

Thus saying, he presented her with a letter, the seal of which had been broken. She eagerly perused the contents, then started up wildly, clasped her hands together, and rushed out of the room. Her mother and I followed in the greatest alarm. We found her lying on the floor of the adjoining apartment in a fainting fit. Our efforts to restore her were for some minutes vain; at length she sighed heavily, opened her eyes, and looked round with a bewildered air. I then took up the fatal paper which had caused her despair. Alas! when I had read it, I could no longer wonder at the poor girl's agony. It was in Sebastian's hand, and ran thus:—

"DEAREST THERESA—I cannot let the messenger go without one line from my own hand to your dear self. You will no doubt feel surprised that I should have been induced to become a guide to the enemy's forces; but I do not think you will blame me under the circumstances: how otherwise could I act? Your ever faithful

SEBASTIAN FREILEITZ."

It was with deep concern I found myself compelled to believe Sebastian a traitor; but I had then no time to give to my own regrets. Theresa was carried to her bed, where she lay so still that, but for the deep-drawn sighs that at times burst from her burdened heart, she might have been thought to be in a trance. From this state she was roused about midnight by the coming on of fever, which soon increased to an alarming height. During the delirium produced by her disease, the name of the unfortunate Sebastian was ever on her lips; sometimes accompanied by words of reproach for his baseness—sometimes by expressions of resentment against those she termed his calumniators. At length the fever left her, feeble indeed, but perfectly clear in

mind, and sensible of the full extent of her calamity. I endeavoured to turn her thoughts in such a direction as I thought would lead to resignation. I pointed out how fortunate she might rather consider herself in having escaped allying herself with a person destitute of principle. I also called upon her to remember the duty she owed to her parents, and to look forward to a time when she should have in a great measure forgotten this blow. It is not easy for one suffering as she suffered to listen to and act upon such admonitions; but Theresa was always actuated by high principle—she endeavoured to calm her mind, and in a little time she appeared to have in some degree recovered from her affliction.

She became more than ever remarkable for her activity. As the family were still afraid to return to their lonely dwelling, they remained at the house of a distant relation of her father, a wealthy person, according to Tyrolese notions of wealth. Raymond Landsberg had been left a widower in the prime of life. He was highly respected for the excellence of his character, he possessed a warm heart and a delicacy of feeling seldom found amongst those of his station. Compassion was the first sentiment that Theresa awakened in his breast; but compassion towards a young and lovely female often leads to still more tender feelings, and so it was with Raymond. The object of his attachment, however, was too much absorbed in her own sorrows to discover in his behaviour any thing beyond the kindness of a relation. For this kindness she was sincerely grateful, and endeavoured to repay it by unremitting attention to his household concerns.

Consideration for her recent disappointment for some time prevented the avowal of his sentiments; but when he perceived that her countenance, though still sad, had recovered somewhat of its natural placid expression, he ventured to disclose his wishes to me. This he did in preference to speaking to her parents, who might, he feared, attempt to exercise an authority over her which would be equally distressing to his feelings as a friend and as a lover; for his affection was not of a nature to be satisfied with an unwilling compliance. It was with pleasure that I undertook to plead his cause, well assured that his sterling worth and unwearied kindness must ere long awaken attachment in the object of his choice.

I opened the business by an encomium upon his generosity. Theresa warmly concurred in this praise, and declared that it would give her the highest gratification to be able to show her sense of his kindness, but that, she feared, would never be in her power.

"You can, Theresa," said I, "show your sense of his kindness effectually, and at the same time confer an inestimable benefit upon the parents to whom you owe so much."

At these words, the truth seemed to flash across her mind. She cast a look of surprise and alarm at me, but did not speak.

"I suspect you guess my meaning," said I; "you know that Raymond has been like a son to your parents—make him such in reality; you will thus ensure the comfort of their old age, and at the same time obtain for yourself one of Heaven's choicest blessings—a pious, virtuous, and tender husband."

A deadly paleness overspread her countenance.

"Does my father know of this!" were her first words.

"No: Raymond was too considerate to mention it to him without your sanction."

"Bless him for that, along with all his other kindness! How should I have been able to bear my father's reproaches for denying him such a son? Yet deny him I must; I cannot give a poor heart-broken creature, unfit to be the wife of any man, to my generous cousin; that would be a bad return for all he has done for us."

"But he wishes it, Theresa; your depression of spirits does not discourage him. Nor will your heart always continue dead to happiness; time and reason will efface all traces of past sorrows."

"No, father, no; I feel that it can never be."

"So girls always think when disappointed in love; but I never yet knew a reasonable mind that was unable to subdue an ill-placed attachment."

"I have subdued it, father—I no longer love that unfortunate," said she, her lip quivering as she spoke; "but my heart seems turned to stone. I cannot love as a husband ought to be loved. So convinced am I of this, that I have formed a resolution which I feared to tell you of, lest you should disapprove of it: I wish to devote my heart to God, and I feel that Heaven will not reject the sacrifice."

"These are vain romantic fancies, my dear child," said I, "of which your reason truly told you I should disapprove. Each one has his duty to perform in life: yours is clearly pointed out—it is to contribute in every way in your power to the happiness of your parents. To see you happily and respectably married has long been their fondest hope, which to relinquish would be a severe trial. Meantime, you need fear no importunity from Raymond. All that he asks is, that you make no irrevocable determination against him."

The restraint which the knowledge of Raymond's sentiments produced upon the mind of his cousin, soon yielded before the delicate respect to her feelings which always governed his behaviour towards her. In any difficulty it was to him she had recourse for advice—in any affliction she was sure of his ready sympathy; and she, on her part, felt happy to testify her gratitude by increased attention to his domestic concerns.

A few months having thus passed away, and our country having been delivered into the hands of the conquerors, warfare had consequently ceased, and Vostner announced his intention of returning to his home, and endeavouring by renewed industry to repair the injuries which his little patrimony had sustained during the unavoidable intermission of his fostering care. As he announced his intention, he sighed deeply, for he felt that time had impaired his vigour, and that he was no longer able for the exertions which had proved so successful in early life.

Raymond strenuously opposed his design, urging him to defer his departure till the spring should be farther advanced, and offering every assistance in his power to afford; but Vostner was inflexible. His pride suffered under the sense of obligations which he had been compelled to submit to; and finding that there appeared no probability of the secret object of his wishes—his daughter's marriage with her cousin—being realised, he could no longer endure to be a burden to his kind relative. When every effort to shake his resolution had been used in vain, Raymond, after fixing his eyes upon Theresa for some moments with a look of earnest melancholy, slowly rose and left the room. Full well did she understand that silent appeal. Late on the evening of that day, she presented herself at the door of my sitting-room.

"How is this, dear child?" said I, observing that her eyes were swelled with weeping; "has any new evil occurred?"

"None, sir, only that my father says he will remain no longer here. He will return to his old comfortless dwelling, even before the weather has become warm; and I fear he is not fit to brave the season, nor equal to the labour he must undergo. Raymond entreated him to stay, and promised if he did, to assist him in his labours. Then Raymond looked at me so, and I felt father," said she, trembling with emotion—"I felt as if I were"——

"As if you were the cause of your father's inflexibility; was it not so, my dear?"

"If I thought I should really be doing right, sir—if I thought I could make Raymond happy—why, then, I think I could—I think I would—give up my own wishes for my dear parents' sake."

"Whether you would be doing right or not depends upon whether you feel that you can bestow upon Raymond that degree of affection, that preference, that a husband has a right to expect."

"Next to my parents, sir, none is so dear to me. He has obtained my most perfect esteem, my warmest gratitude; and yet, I fear—I fear I cannot love him as he loves me—as once I"——

"Nor is it necessary you should, Theresa. The species of attachment you allude to originates more in the imagination than the heart, and seldom survives the first months of married life. But there is another kind, founded on esteem and gratitude, which will increase with the proofs you receive of the worth of the object of your choice."

Emboldened by my counsel, Raymond ventured to solicit Theresa's permission to apply to her father for his consent to their marriage.

"Dear Raymond," said she, "since it is your wish to take such a poor faded creature to be your wife, I shall not deprive my parents of the blessing of such a son. All I ask is a little time to make myself more worthy of you."

"Yes, Theresa," said he, "all I demand is your promise to be mine at a future day: till that happy time comes, your father will remain with me, and I will manage his affairs as if I were already his son."

Vostner's joy at this event may easily be imagined. It was arranged that the marriage should take place early in the ensuing summer, and Theresa appeared to look forward to it with less and less reluctance every day. Her manner, though more serious than is usual at her age, was calm, sometimes even cheerful, and her regard for her cousin seemed to increase as she marked his unremitting attention to the welfare of her parents.

While matters were in this promising state, it chanced that Theresa, who had gone to visit a friend residing at some distance amongst the mountains, was detained to a late hour by the importunities of her young companion, and the shades of night were closing round her before half her journey was completed. As peace was now restored, this circumstance gave her no concern, for our mountain maidens are accustomed to traverse these wilds late and early without any sense of danger. She was leisurely pursuing her way, her eyes cast down, her thoughts in that state of abstraction now become almost habitual to her, when her attention was awakened by a rustling sound amongst the low brushwood that skirted her path. She turned her eyes in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and beheld a figure emerging from the shade, which with hasty yet cautious step approached. When near enough to be clearly discerned, she, to her unspeakable dismay, recognised, pale and emaciated, the countenance of the unfortunate Sebastian. While she remained transfixed to the spot with terror, unable to give utterance to the cry that quivered on her lips, he advanced, and, in trembling accents, pronounced her name, extending his hand as if in act to detain her; but, alarmed by the sound of approaching voices, he relinquished his purpose, and hastily concealed himself amongst the weeds and brushwood. The party by whom he had been alarmed now appeared in sight. It consisted of a number of young persons from the village, who were gaily carolling their mountain airs. Along with them had come Raymond, in the hope of meeting Theresa; her appearance and attitude struck them with consternation. There she stood, with hands uplifted, and eyes fixed and dilated, as if gazing on some terrific vision.

Raymond, almost distracted at the sight, endeavoured, by every soothing expression, to recall her wandering senses. Roused by his voice, her form relaxed from its unnatural rigidity, her eyes recovered their wonted expression, and she sunk down exhausted on the bank; he seated himself by her, and, holding her hand in his, gazed upon her still agitated countenance with intense anxiety. At length she looked up, and, faintly smiling, returned the pressure of his hand. Her young friends now, with instinctive delicacy, withdrew to a little distance, leaving her to explain to her cousin in private the cause of the strange state in which they had found her. After a few ineffectual efforts, Theresa pronounced these words—

"I have seen him!"

"Him!—whom have you seen!" said Raymond.

"The lost—the guilty"——

"Sebastian!" said Raymond, starting. "Impossible! Recollect yourself, dear Theresa."

"I saw him plainly as I now see you. He spoke—he pronounced my name; then, scared by your voices, he disappeared amongst that brushwood yonder. Now, Raymond, if the unfortunate Theresa was ever dear to you, save him. Let him not die the death he deserves—the traitor's death. Oh, spare me that agony!" said she, throwing herself at his feet.

"Theresa," said he, raising and pressing her to his bosom, "do you know your poor Raymond so little as to believe this supplication necessary? Let this dear throbbing heart have rest, and tell me what I can do to comfort you."

"Seek him out, and tell him——" "What!"

"To fly—to save himself, and never—never to attempt to see me more."

"I will—I will, indeed; but I fear he will shun me as his bitter enemy. And yet I am not his enemy—Heaven knows I am not. To have lost you is punishment enough for all his crimes. But strive to control your feelings, dear Theresa, otherwise suspicions may be awakened which would be fatal to him."

This suggestion produced an immediate effect. Theresa, with prodigious effort, recovered her self-possession; her companions were recalled, and her sudden indisposition having been attributed to some painful recollections connected with that spot, the party regained their home, when Raymond, at parting, whispered that he was going to retrace his steps in quest of Sebastian.

Theresa passed the night without sleep. Dreadful visions of vengeance and of blood floated before her terrified imagination. She rose early, and endeavoured to busy herself about her usual occupations; but the suspense was dreadful. Every sound startled her. The joyous shouts of the village children at their play, seemed to her alarmed ear the yells of exulting vengeance. In this state she remained till after mid-day. At length Raymond entered; his first glance reassured her, and, approaching, he gently pressed her hand, and whispered, "He is safe."

"Safe and gone far away, where I may never see—never hear of him more!"

"Yes, he will never more attempt to force himself into your presence."

"Then I am satisfied. Dear Raymond, how can I ever repay"——

"Be happy, Theresa, that will repay all to me."

From this time Theresa gradually recovered her tranquillity of mind; but the countenance of Raymond, usually so serene, was now often clouded by an expression of care. This was observed by Theresa with painful surprise; and, upon her questioning him, he confessed that his mind had lately been engaged by business of a perplexing nature, which would, he feared, oblige him to absent himself from home for a few days. On his return she was struck with the agitation his whole appearance exhibited, and which he evidently strove to supress.

"What can have happened, dear Raymond!" said she; "something surely has occurred to distress you."

"What has happened ought to give me satisfaction instead of distress," said he; "for I know how it will gratify you, and it does give me satisfaction. Yes—with truth I can say it. Prepare to hear something which will surprise—will please you."

He paused. Theresa looked up in anxious expectation.

"Sebastian"—at that name her cheek flushed to crimson, then turned pale as death—"Sebastian has been slandered—he is not so guilty as we supposed."

"Not so guilty! What can you mean! Did he not betray! Oh! revive not the memory of his crimes—of his disgrace; oh, do not, if you love me, Raymond!"

"If I love you, Theresa! Did I not love you far better than I love myself, should I be the person to justify!—— I repeat it—Sebastian has been slandered—he is no traitor."

"No traitor!—and he forsook, he fled," said she, gasping for breath. "Oh, tell—explain!"

"Compose yourself. I repeat it—Sebastian is innocent; but you are not now in a state to learn the vindication of his conduct."

"Oh, yes, I am quite well. Keep me not in suspense. Let me try if I can believe such blessed news."

"You shall then hear the history of his misfortunes as I had it from his own lips, and which was afterwards confirmed by unimpeachable testimony. Sebastian performed the first few leagues of his journey in safety, but just as he reached a spot where the road winds

through a deep ravine, he perceived emerging from it a small body of the enemy's troops. He endeavoured to make his escape, but was observed, pursued, and taken. He expected nothing but immediate death; but instead of that, he was brought before the commanding officer, who informed him that the party were on their way to take possession of some of the mountain passes, naming particularly one close to our village; but that they had learned that the insurgents (as he called them) had posted some of their band so as to assail them by rolling down stones and fragments of rock upon them as they passed. 'Now,' said the officer, 'I understand that there is another way, difficult indeed, but not impracticable, by which we may avoid these annoyances. It must be known to you. Conduct us safely, and you shall be handsomely rewarded; deceive us, and your life shall be the forfeit. Mount him on a mule,' continued he; 'and do you, sergeant, ride beside him with a pistol in your hand, and upon the least symptom of treachery, give him its contents in his head.'

Sebastian was mounted accordingly, and proceeded at the head of the party till they came to a place where two roads, or rather mountain-paths, branched off. 'Now, my fine fellow,' said the sergeant, 'show us the right way.' Sebastian turned his mule in a direction which apparently led to our village, but which really wound away amongst the wildest recesses of the mountains. They proceeded thus for some leagues, when the path growing more and more rugged and difficult, the suspicions of the officer were awakened. 'Where are you leading us, fellow?' said he. Sebastian did not reply. 'Speak, wretch,' said the enraged chieftain; 'have you dared to betray us?' 'No, general, I have not betrayed you,' said Sebastian. 'You compelled me to ride before you; but, could you expect that a Tyrolese youth would assist you to destroy his native village?' 'Blow his brains out instantly,' said the officer. The sergeant fired; but the mule starting at the moment, the ball, after slightly grazing Sebastian's cheek, lodged in his shoulder. He fell from his mule, and remained insensible—how long he knew not. His first sensation was that of burning thirst: he endeavoured to raise himself a little, and perceived that his enemies were gone. He was alone, and night was fast closing round him. During the intervals between the gusts of a rising storm, his quick ear caught the sound of falling water. Roused by the hope of allaying his thirst, he painfully dragged himself to the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed; but as he approached, other sounds, those of human voices, met his ear. He stopped in alarm; but, considering that, without assistance, he must perish before morning, he thought it better to advance, and, on turning an angle of the rock, found himself close to one of the enemy's bivouacs. He was immediately recognised by the party, which was the same he had been forced to accompany in the morning. Some of the soldiers proposed to dispatch him, but this the officer would not permit. 'No, poor devil!' said he, 'since he has outlived *that* shot, we will not kill him in cold blood. See what can be done to relieve him, and let him lie there by the fire till morning.'

Sebastian, who was completely exhausted by the exertion he had made, could only articulate, 'Water! for the love of Heaven, give me water!' They brought him water, and one of the soldiers who had some skill in surgery bound up his wound, and settled him as comfortably as he could for the night. The next morning he was placed in a litter and conveyed along with some of the wounded soldiers to Inspruch, then in the possession of the Bavarian forces. He was received into the military hospital, and says he cannot speak too highly of the attention and kindness he experienced there. His wound inflamed, and a fever came on in consequence, so that his life was for a time despaired of. At length his youth and good constitution prevailed, and he began to recover. He had been long anxiously desirous of sending tidings of his fate to his friends. At last a favourable chance enabled him to do so. A priest was admitted into the hospital for the purpose of attending a dying person: Sebastian obtained permission to speak to him in private, and entreated him to write a brief account of his adventures, and to have it safely conveyed to Lewis Vostner, and then, unluckily for himself, he wrote those few hurried lines to you, Theresa, which, coming without the necessary explanation, gave such terrible confirmation to the report of his treachery, which first arose from his having been seen at the head of the Bavarian troops, by some persons who lay concealed near the path by which they passed."

"But what became of the priest's letter," said Theresa, "which should have accompanied that unfortunate note and explained all?"

"I fear—indeed, from what I have heard, I am almost certain—that Basil had the baseness to suppress that document, which would have effectually vindicated his rival. There is sufficient evidence that both letters were faithfully delivered into his hands by the priest's messenger. But to return to Sebastian. He was sent, along with some other prisoners, to Munich, whence, on the termination of our unsuccessful struggle for liberty, he was permitted to return to the Tyrol. On reaching Inspruch, and having learned the light in which his conduct had been represented, he was aware that, until he could justify himself, he could not with safety appear near his home, where vengeance awaited his supposed treachery—vengeance which even the iron sway of a foreign ruler would be unable to avert. Notwithstanding this conviction, his anxiety to clear himself in the estimation of his friends was such, that it prompted him at all hazards to seek an interview with some person in whom he might confide; and he had determined on that very evening on which he had appeared to Theresa, to endeavour to visit the vicarage after it grew dark; but on seeing her, all remains of prudence forsook him, and he could not resist the temptation to accost her. I found him concealed near the spot where she had seen him. His entreaties to be heard in vindication of his conduct were so vehement, that I could not refuse to listen to him; and his explanation of the circumstances of his adventure was given with such an air of truth, that I determined, at whatever expense of time or trouble to myself, to ascertain its veracity. I purposely avoided mentioning to you, dear Theresa, the hopes I entertained of his character being cleared, till I should have convincing proofs to give of the fact, and I persuaded him to return to Inspruch immediately.

My first step was to visit the residence of the priest to whom the unlucky note had been intrusted, and who had undertaken to write a full detail of the transaction for the satisfaction of his friends. This gentleman confirmed all that Sebastian had told me; and further declared, that the youth's conduct in exposing himself to almost certain death for the preservation of his native village, had extorted even the admiration of the enemy's troops, who considered him as a pattern of fidelity to his country. Not satisfied with this testimony, I entreated the good father to write to the officer who commanded the detachment by whom Sebastian had been made prisoner, for a particular account of the transaction. It took some time to receive his answer, but when it did arrive, it corroborated, in every respect, Sebastian's statement."

Theresa had listened to Raymond's narration with intense interest; and as the proofs of Sebastian's innocence became more and more apparent, her agitation increased, till it found vent at last in a passion of tears. When Raymond had concluded, she exclaimed—

"And I condemned him unheard!—I believed him guilty! What wonder, then, that others should!"

At this exclamation, and the vehemence with which it was uttered, Raymond's countenance changed, and he was about to rise; but Theresa, retaining his hand, which was clasped in hers, said—

"Do not leave me, Raymond; stay a little while to share my joy—to hear from me how greatly your conduct has increased my esteem and affection for you."

I was happy to hear her speak thus, for I must own I felt somewhat apprehensive of the effect Sebastian's justification might produce upon her feelings towards her generous cousin. When I sounded her on this point, however, she exclaimed—

"Surely you do not believe me so ungrateful as to desert my excellent Raymond—nay, to make his generosity the cause of the ruin of his happiness! No: since he has chosen me, he shall find in me a faithful, a devoted wife! And now, father, you will see that it was Sebastian's supposed guilt, and not his loss as a lover, that affected me so deeply. These tears are blessed tears, not like those I used to shed, of shame, of anguish. Now I need not fly at the sound of his name. Now I shall hear it uttered, not with scorn and reproach, but with praise and honour. Oh, happy day! what more can I desire on earth!—unless—unless it be to know that he is joined in marriage with one deserving of him—one who never had the weakness to doubt him!"

Though I was pleased to find that Theresa had no intention of breaking her engagement with her cousin, I should have preferred hearing her declare her purpose in a more tranquil manner; and could not help fearing that her mind was now too highly wrought to distinguish clearly her own feelings, and that her attachment to her first love was not so completely conquered as she seemed to suppose. Her resolution was, however, maintained in a manner which I did not expect. The following day—the one on which Sebastian's return to his native village took place—was a trying one to her. It was converted into a kind of triumphal entry by the crowds prepared to welcome him, and to efface, by every demonstration of esteem and affection, the remembrance of their former injustice. Theresa did not make one amongst the number. On the contrary, she carefully secluded herself from public view; but her sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks clearly evinced the part she took in the general joy, in which the object of it alone seemed incapable of partaking. To the congratulations of his friends, Sebastian could return only languid smiles, and thanks expressed with effort. As soon as evening closed in, he sought a refuge from the tumult in my quiet dwelling. I was anxious to learn his plans for the future.

"To leave this neighbourhood as soon as possible," said he, "to seek subsistence in some distant part of the country."

"And your old grandmother—will you forsake her?"

"Who!—I forsake my grandmother—the only being left me to love! Why, the hope of making her old age comfortable is all that is left me in life. She will accompany me wherever I go."

"I believe you are right, Sebastian—I believe it will be best for you to leave this neighbourhood."

"It is not only best, but absolutely necessary, sir. I owe more than life—I owe the restoration of my character—to Raymond, and I wish him the happiness he so well deserves. But to remain, and see him the husband of Theresa—that is more than I can bear." Sebastian departed on the following day, to seek in some distant spot a retreat for himself and his grandmother.

The time appointed for the signing of the marriage-contract now approached; and, far from opposing its accomplishment, Theresa appeared rather anxious that it should be concluded. I was, however, concerned to perceive that Raymond did not appear happy. He seemed to watch with painful anxiety every shade or varying colour which passed over the countenance of his beloved. The morning preceding that on which the contract was to be signed, he was more than usually agitated; he seated himself beside Theresa, and seemed to observe her for a long time in silence; then, taking her hand, he said—

"I have a request to make, Theresa; it is one, I fear, you may not like to grant; but for my sake"——

"What request can you make, dear Raymond, that I should hesitate to comply with?" said Theresa.

"It is," said he, in a faltering voice, "that you would consent to see Sebastian for a few minutes: he has returned to fetch away his grandmother."

Theresa turned pale, and shuddered.

"My dear Raymond," said she, "do not ask it. I am too guilty towards him; I durst not meet his reproachful looks."

"They will never reproach you, Theresa. Poor fellow, reproaches are far from his thoughts. Only see him this once, and speak a few words of kindness to him." Theresa yielded to his entreaties.

"I will bring him immediately," said Raymond, who seemed afraid lest she should retract her consent, and went instantly to seek Sebastian.

I could not help feeling surprised at Raymond's proposal, and still more at his urging it so eagerly. Presently we heard approaching footsteps.

"It is he," said she; "well do I know that step. Oh, that it were over!"

Raymond entered, accompanied by Sebastian, whose pale countenance and trembling frame evinced his inward agitation. Theresa attempted to rise, but sunk back, overcome by her emotion. Sebastian endeavoured to pronounce her name, but the sounds died upon his lips. There was a long pause. Raymond at length broke silence.

"Theresa," said he, "will you not say one word of welcome to your friend?"

"I am not worthy to welcome him," said she, as with averted eyes she extended her hand towards the youth, who held it for a moment in his, and then retired to the farthest side of the room.

"I shall return immediately," said Raymond, rising.

"Oh, stay! do not leave me, I entreat, I implore," said Theresa.

But he was gone. The young people gazed upon one another in silence for some moments, as if afraid to trust their voices to speak, while their flushed cheeks and hurried breathing betrayed their inward conflict. At length Theresa faintly articulated, "I doubted your faith—your honour—Sebastian; can you forgive me?"

"I forgive you, Theresa—I forgive and bless you; it is my daily prayer that every happiness may attend on you and that worthy, that generous man whom you have——Farewell, Theresa! farewell for ever!" and the unhappy youth rushed out of the room.

Theresa, no longer able to control her emotion, burst into tears.

"Why—oh, why did Raymond insist upon this meeting?" said she; "I was so tranquil—so resigned before."

"Resigned, Theresa!" said I; "and do you think Raymond can be satisfied with your being only resigned to be his wife?"

"Oh, that it is not what I meant. I am so confused, I know not what I say. But why did he expose me to this trial—he who used to be so kind—so considerate?"

In my own mind, I could not but agree with her that Raymond had been imprudent in subjecting these young people to have their feelings excited and tortured by this meeting. I could account for it only by supposing, that, unable to surmount some latent feeling of jealousy, he had been desirous of observing what effect the presence of her former lover would produce upon the behaviour of his destined bride. I called at his house on the following morning, and found that Theresa had passed a disturbed and sleepless night.

"It seems as if Raymond avoided me," said she; "I have not seen him for more than a few minutes since yesterday."

Whilst she was speaking, Raymond entered, accompanied by her father: the former appeared to be struggling with feelings he endeavoured to suppress. He seated himself beside his cousin, saying—"Take this paper, Theresa, and see if you approve of it. It is the marriage-contract."

"What need of this, dear Raymond?" said she. "Have not you and my father seen it?"

"Yes, but I wish you to look at it for a moment," said he, speaking in a hurried manner.

She cast her eye upon the paper, and then let it fall from her hands, exclaiming, "What is this? I feel quite bewildered. I am losing my senses, I fear. What name do I see written here?"

"You see the name of Sebastian Freileitz, Theresa," said Raymond, while his whole frame trembled with emotion; "the name of your early love. To him I resign my claim."

"What can you mean?"

"I mean that I can enjoy no happiness that wrings the hearts of others—that I would not endure what I did yesterday in witnessing your sufferings and those of that poor youth, for all that the world could bestow."

He left the room, but returned in a moment leading in Sebastian.

"Theresa," said he, "this young man's devotion to his country's cause merits a reward such as you alone can bestow. In his favour I resign my claim to your hand. Your father, at my entreaty, has promised his consent. Will you accept of this youth for your husband?"

Theresa covered her face with her hands, but did not answer.

"Theresa," said her father, somewhat sternly, "this is no time for trifling. Do you still love this youth?"

"Till yesterday I thought I did not. Oh, Raymond! why did you insist upon that meeting?"

"It is enough," said Raymond, taking her hand and placing it in that of Sebastian; "may Heaven preserve and bless you both!"

Sebastian and Theresa were united on the following week. Many years have since elapsed, and their affection continues as strong as on the day of their marriage. Vostner has long been perfectly satisfied with his daughter's choice, which the dutiful conduct, strict integrity, and unremitting industry of his son-in-law, has fully justified.

"And poor Raymond," said I, "what has become of him—how did he bear his loss?"

"He was rewarded for his generosity, as people always are, sooner or later. He was much depressed for a year after Theresa's marriage; but in time he learned to consider her in the light of a dear friend only, and was at length made happy by a union with a most estimable and amiable young woman, who had long loved him in secret, with that exclusive and devoted affection which alone could satisfy a heart so delicate and tender as his own."

SIR HARRIS NICHOLAS ON THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE.

In a splendid work by Sir Harris Nicholas, "A History of the Orders of Knighthood of the British Empire," which very few of our readers can have had an opportunity of seeing, there is a searching investigation respecting the antiquity of some of the objects which figure in the Scottish armorial bearings, and particularly of the endeared and truly peculiar national emblem—the *Thistle*.

The old monkish writers of Scottish history had a story which has been repeated by authors, with more or less appearance of belief, down almost to our own times, though it represented the cross of St Andrew and thistle as becoming national emblems and badges at a time when there was no trace of such usages in the country. It was said that Achaius, King of Scots, in the ninth century, was enabled to overthrow the army of Athelstane, King of the West Saxons, in a battle which took place near Haddington, in consequence of the miraculous appearance of St Andrew's Cross in the heavens on the previous night; and that, in commemoration of this circumstance, he adopted the cross as a national badge, and made it conspicuous in the decorations of an order which he then founded, called the Order of the Thistle. It is clear that this tale is a mere imitation of the story told of the appearance of a cross in the heavens to the Emperor Constantine. In reality, no authentic memorials of the reign of Achaius exist, and the earliest appearance of the St Andrew's Cross on the Scottish coins is in a gold one of Robert II. (who reigned from 1371 to 1390), where it makes a very modest and even obscure appearance. It is curious, however, to observe how erroneous ideas as to historic circumstances have, by affecting people's minds, wrought themselves at length into actual history. The monkish legend as to Achaius appears to have been prevalent in Scotland, and to have occasioned an universal belief that there had once existed an order of knighthood amongst us, which, by some chance, had gone to decay. This seems to have led James IV. to an effort at reviving, in reality at establishing, the order; so that, had he completed his design, it might have been said that a fiction had become the parent of a fact. In truth, all that this king seems to have done was to assume a collar of thistles, like those worn by the members of other European orders. His son, James V., indulged his taste in like manner, probably under the influence of the same idea as to an ancient but decayed order originating with Achaius. And a collar formed of thistles appears on the impressions of Queen Mary's Great Seal, and likewise on that of James VI., although neither of these sovereigns, any more than their predecessors, had any actual order of the kind to confer on their subjects.

The thistle, so far from being a badge assumed by any of our early kings, is shown by Sir Harris Nicholas not to be alluded to, as a decorative or emblematic object, at any time before the reign of James III. Among the jewels of that prince, described in an inventory dated 1488 (the year of his death), was "a covering of variand purpir tarter browdin with *thrissils* and a unicorne." It was certainly held as a national emblem in 1503, when Dunbar wrote his beautiful allegorical poem on the union of James IV. with the Princess Margaret of England, under the title of "The Thrissill and the Rois." The author of this poem represents May as calling before her the lion and eagle, as sovereigns respectively of beasts and birds.

"Then callit she all flowers that grew on field,
Discerning all their fashions and effeirs;
Upon the awful *Thistle* she beheld
And saw him keppit with a bush of spears;
Considering him so able for the weirs,*
A radious crown of rubies she him gave,
And said, In field go furth, and fend the lave."†

Sir Harris thinks it likely that this hardy child of the Scottish soil was adopted as a badge in the reign of James III.; but, from the peaceful character of that monarch, we should think it more probable that his son James IV. first adopted it. Its defensively warlike character, and its growing so luxuriantly in the then ill-cultivated fields and wastes of Scotland, would point it out as a suitable emblem for a country extremely poor, but possessed by a people who were determined to repel every aggression from a foreign power. It is worthy of remark, that the expressive motto, "Nemo me impune lacesset" (*No one shall injure me with impunity*), was not added for many years after. It first appears on a coin of James VI., in 1579, surrounding a thistle which occupies a large space in the centre. It is supposed to have been suggested by George Buchanan, the preceptor of James; but the idea was not original. In an earlier age, Francis Sforza, having taken possession of the state of Milan, by right of his wife, and thereby put an end to all contention on a much-disputed point, assumed as a bearing a greyhound sitting, with the motto, "Quietum nemo impune lacesset," inferring that he gave offence to no person, but was ready to offend, and defend himself against those that should anywise molest him.

The old fable of Achaius and his St Andrew's cross was not yet banished from the Scottish mind. The credulous historical antiquaries of the seventeenth century entertained the notion that not only had an order of the Thistle originated in that age, but it had been revived in great splendour by James IV., and had regularly existed for several reigns, till it was lost sight of amidst the political turmoils of the kingdom. The only foundation for the latter part of this delusion was, that several sovereigns in the preceding century had, as already stated, worn a collar of thistles, or at least put such an object upon their great seals. It gives a most instructive idea of the difficulty of obtaining correct information in those times, and of the readiness with which any popular story was received, that from so small a foundation, in so short a time, so great a superstructure of fable should have been reared. And it was in truth this delusion of the antiquaries of that day which induced James II. (of Great Britain), in 1687, to institute (or, as he thought, revive) the order of the Thistle, which has ever since existed, and now consists of some fourscore knights.

* Weirs—wars.
† Lave—the rest, those remaining.

THE CONDITION OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

All accounts represent the native Indian tribes of North America as gradually diminishing in numbers. Those who survive on the prairies pursue no occupation of any kind but hunting, and, as the races of animals they destroy will in all likelihood be extirpated in a few years, the Indians cannot be expected long to exist as a nation. A writer in the Quarterly Review mentions, that at present from 150,000 to 200,000 buffaloes are slaughtered annually, for the sake of their skins, and that, at that rate of disposal, "in ten years they will be all killed off." Mr Catlin prophesies that, when this shall be the case, 250,000 Indians now living in a plain of nearly 3000 miles in extent, must either die of starvation, or throw themselves upon the neighbouring tribes or the white settlers, in the mad hope of dislodging them. The more probable event, we should think, will be, that, as food becomes scarce, disease will sweep off great multitudes, and the tribes will gradually be diminished with the supply of food, until there shall only remain a few to melt into the advancing white population.

The gradual decay of the Indian tribes of America is obviously not a new fact in man's social progress. These tribes themselves occupy a country which was once inhabited by races of men now utterly extinct. The inhabitants of western Europe now occupy regions once possessed by a Celtic people, who can only be traced by the names they have given to localities, and the few remaining remnants of them in Wales, the Highlands of Scotland, and other retired nooks of this part of the world. The condition of the Indians greatly resembles what must have been endured by the Celts. Both have melted away before the face of a people possessing higher mental qualifications—power of thought, with the economising of resources, being to nations as it is to individuals, the means of conquest and rational superiority.

Great Britain has had possession of Canada and adjoining provinces for upwards of half a century, but during that interval little has been done to soften the barbarism of the native tribes, who mostly exist to this hour as a species of gipsies in the midst of comparative civilisation, and have only here and there been reclaimed by the persevering industry of foreign missionaries. In consideration of past and prospective services in war, and in compensation for the encroachments made on their domain, each individual is a pensioner on government to a small amount, given in the form of an annual present. The distribution of the presents affords a means of estimating the number residing within the provinces. The following is the account offered on the subject by Mr N. P. Willis, in his very beautiful work descriptive of Canadian scenery:*—

"In Lower Canada, in 1828, it [the number of Indians] amounted to 2922, exclusive of about 450 Micmacs, or wandering tribes, from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The number in Upper Canada to whom, about the same time, donations were made, was 12,919; making in the two provinces 15,841. The estimate thus obtained, however, is not quite so accurate as could be wished. Several thousands came from beyond the western frontier, a distance in some cases of four or five hundred miles, and even from the territory of the United States; but in consequence of the signal services rendered by them during the last war, pledges had been given, which Britain must now fulfil. On the other hand, in the immense forest territory which the hand of cultivation has not yet approached, there are doubtless very considerable numbers who retain their wild independence, and hold no relation whatever with Europeans. We may notice, in particular, the vast tracts to the east and north of Quebec, whence no mention is made of any resort to the stations of distribution.

The Indians of Lower Canada have been converted to the Catholic religion, and their spiritual concerns are superintended by five missionaries, who receive salaries of from L.40 to L.70 per annum. They appear much attached to these instructors, and show a deep sense of their religious duties; yet they have admitted scarcely any change in their original habits, or made any progress in industry. Their husbandry, as formerly, is on a small scale, of the rudest description, and carried on entirely by women and old men. 'The Indian tribes,' said the late Lord Dalhousie, 'continue to be warlike in their ideas and recollections. Insignificant as are some of the tribes now in Lower Canada, and though civilised and accustomed to social life, there is not one of them that does not boast of the warlike days of their chiefs and warriors. Even now, the word warrior is assumed by every young man; he is trained up to it, and has a higher idea of the approbation of his chief, or the consideration of white men in that character of an active hunter or warrior, than he has of any other object or use of his existence.'

A few miles northward from Quebec is the Huron settlement of Loretto, consisting of 67 men, 65 women, and 47 children. This poor remnant of a race once so powerful, holding only forty acres of land, derive a precarious subsistence from hunting, fishing, and some trifling articles made by their females. They recently preferred a claim to the fief of Sillery, a fine tract extending a league along the St Lawrence, near Quebec, in virtue of a grant made to their ancestors in 1651. The case being brought before the courts, it was argued by the crown lawyers that the grant had been made to the Jesuits in general terms, for the purpose 'of assembling the wandering nations of New France, and instructing them in the Christian religion;' that, in 1699, these missionaries, representing that the Indians had quitted the spot on account of the soil being exhausted, requested and obtained a grant of it for themselves; and that it remained in their possession till the extinction of their order in 1800, when it devolved on the British government. On these grounds the judges decided against the Hurons. We cannot help referring, however, to certain facts in our historical narrative, founded on authorities which, we incline to believe, were unknown to either party in this contest. It there appears that the grant immediately followed the destruction of the Huron nation by the Iroquois, when the Jesuits, as the only means of saving the remnant of the tribe, removed to Quebec. The date, and the name of the principal settlement, seem to show that, however general the terms may have been, the grant was made virtually for the benefit of these unfortunate fugitives, and to the Jesuits only as their trustees. If this be admitted, we know not how far their quitting it at one time for another spot, without any formal relinquishment, could be considered as vacating their title. On the loss of their cause, they sent two deputies to London, who very earnestly solicited an interview with their great father. Sir George Murray evaded this demand, but received them kindly; and though he could not reopen a legal decision, offered them grants of crown lands in other quarters; but they replied, that an arrangement which would separate them, and require a complete change in their mode of life, could not be felt by them as any real advantage.

In the vicinity of Three Rivers are 82 Algonquins, and near St Francis and Becancour, on the opposite side, 359 Abenaquis. These tribes inhabit rude villages, composed of very poor bark huts, though somewhat better than the ordinary wigwams. They once possessed a considerable extent of land, the greater part of which has been wrested from them under various pretences by designing individuals; and to prevent such frauds, it is proposed that no alienation of property by these untaught tribes shall be held valid until it has been sanctioned by government. Farther down the river are three settlements of Iroquois, one at Sault St Louis and Caughnawaga, amounting to 967; another at St Regis of 348; and a third, of 282, at the Lake of the Two Mountains. This tribe, once powerful,

* Canadian Scenery Illustrated: published in parts. London: G. Virtue.

and even intelligent, are now indolent, wretched, and despised by their own countrymen. Those of Sault St Louis possess some land, though, from mismanagement, it produces little; and a late claim for an addition, founded on minute boundary questions, was fruitless, though they also sent two deputies to London to enforce it. At the Lake of the Two Mountains are likewise 355 Algonquins and 250 Nipissings. These have no land to cultivate, but by their activity in hunting, and supplying Europeans with furs, they have placed themselves in a more comfortable condition than any other Indians in Lower Canada. They complain much, however, of the extended colonisation on the Ottawa, by which their hunting grounds are greatly narrowed.

In Upper Canada, along the St Lawrence and Lake Ontario, the Mississaguas are the leading tribe. Those of Kingston and Gananoqui, only 82 in number, are described as worthless and depraved; but such as dwell on the Bay of Quinté and Rice Lake, amounting respectively to 143 and 317, have been converted to Christianity, and are much improved. On the bay are also 319 Mohawks, many of whom have applied themselves to agriculture, and even adopted in some degree the European dress, though mixed in a grotesque manner with their native attire. On the River Credit, which falls into the western part of Ontario, are 180 of the same nation, who have been greatly civilised by their conversion. Around Lake Simcoe and its vicinity, about 550 Chippewas reside under their chief, Yellow-head. These also have expressed a strong desire for instruction and the knowledge of religion, but have not yet experienced those benefits in an equal degree. The banks of the Grand River, which falls into Lake Erie, to the extent of six miles on each side, were, by a proclamation of General Haldimand, set apart for the Mohawks and Six Nations, who occupy it to the amount of about 2000. Some part of these lands has been sold, with the consent of government, and the proceeds lodged in the British funds, yielding an annual revenue of L.1500, which is distributed among them in goods. They still hold 260,000 acres of an excellent soil, over which they have spread themselves in small villages, and many of them attempt the simpler modes of farming. Farther west are the Munseys on the Thames, 445 in number, and 309 Hurons, connected with the French settlement on the Detroit, and converts to the Catholic form of worship."

Mr Willis proceeds to mention, that in some parts of Upper Canada, the Indians have been more successfully instructed than in almost any other quarter of America, a circumstance which affords the first glimpse of hope for these interesting races. The work of conversion and civilisation, he tells us, has proceeded through the exertions of Methodist missionaries from the United States. "Vehement objections have been taken against the religious body by whom this change has been effected. They are accused of propagating the political creed of their own country, accompanied with sentiments of hostility to the established church. It does not appear, however, that any disloyal or turbulent proceedings have resulted; and when they are doing so much good, it would certainly be very inexpedient to obstruct their operations, until some efficient substitute shall be found. Sir John Colborne expressly says, 'that the established clergy have not effected any Indian conversions;' and the worthy Bishop of Quebec candidly observes that, whoever were the instruments, the effect must be a source of satisfaction, and that the hand of God seems to be visible in it. The society allow L.40 or L.50 a-year to their missionaries, and maintain ten schools, attended by 251 pupils.

Since the diffusion of civilisation, many of the Indians have consented, and even desired, to exchange the government presents for implements of agriculture and other useful objects. A considerable number have even begun to wish for money, which happily they no longer abuse as formerly, but rather find the most convenient instrument in procuring whatever they may happen to want. The vicinity of Europeans, where it does not induce the destructive habit of intoxication, affords them various means for bettering their condition. A ready sale for venison, wild-ducks, and other feathered game, and for the fish which they spear, is found among settlers who have themselves little leisure for angling or the chase. The skins and furs also of the animals caught by them are readily bought by the merchants. The women make baskets, trays, and other utensils, of birch bark, and sometimes of the inner rind of the bass-wood and white ash, which, when ornamented with porcupine quills, dyed in beautiful colours, form elegant articles of furniture. Their moccasins, similarly adorned, are often purchased by Europeans for winter use. They cannot, however, be depended upon for making or procuring any article to order. They produce and bring their commodities to market when it suits their own convenience; and they are disposed to drive a pretty hard bargain, especially the females, on whom that task usually devolves. The converted Indians are said to display a simple, fervent, and sincere devotion. They pay a particular regard to the sanctity of the Sabbath; and while singing hymns on the evening of that day, their rich soft voices, rising on the still air, produce a fine effect. This principle of piety, having produced the valuable fruit of inducing them to renounce the ruinous habit of intoxication, has made a most happy change in their condition; and since the evils incident to the savage have thus been removed, perhaps the admirer of the picturesque in human life may not feel impatient for that thorough amalgamation with Europeans, which some of their friends ardently desire. They may be willing that some trace should still survive of the peculiar costume, aspect, and occupations of this remarkable aboriginal race."

THE ARTESIAN WELL OF GRENOBLE.

Most of our readers know that an *Artesian well*—so called from being first formed in the province of Artois—is one where the water is procured in low and arid situations, by boring into the earth until strata are passed which have water beneath them, and where the liquid, being derived from heights, springs through the strata to the surface, from the pressure behind. At Grenoble, in the vicinity of the French capital, it was considered advisable some years ago to endeavour to procure good water by means of an Artesian well. M. Mulot de Epinay was the engineer to whom the task was intrusted. On the 31st of December 1836, the bore had been carried, after immense labour, to the depth of 383 *metres* (a metre is 3 feet and 2-10ths English). The soil was a clay, very hard and compact. In the month of June 1839, the bore had reached the depth of 466 metres, and the soil was still a bed of clay, though a variety of strata had been previously passed. M. Mulot kept a regular journal of observations, relative to the soils and strata penetrated, and the temperature at different depths. This record will be valuable when published.

At length, after a task of seven years, one month, and twenty-six days' duration, M. Mulot was rewarded by a degree of success proportioned to the time and trouble expended. Water was not only found, but found under such circumstances, and in such quantities, as will cause the well to be one of the most useful works as well as one of the greatest marvels of artistical ingenuity in France. The fluid burst out in a perfect torrent, rising to the surface of the bore to the amount of nearly three cubic metres in a minute, or 180 metres in an hour, and 4320 metres in the twenty-four hours. Such is the force with which it flows up the shaft, that it mounts more than thirty-two English feet above the surface of the ground. M. Hemery, director of roads and bridges, has calculated that the force of ascension of the water, at the bottom of the shaft, exceeds by fifty times the force with which water rises in a vacuated tube of thirty-three feet.

The orifice of the well is 55 centimetres (about 1 foot 8 inches) in diameter, and at the bottom it is 18 centimetres in diameter. The shaft is in all 547 metres (or 1630 French feet) in depth, and the sides are strongly plated with iron to a depth of 539 metres. The dome of the Invalids, which has an elevation of 300 feet above the ground, is thus only about a fifth of the perpendicular measurement of the Artesian well of Grenoble. Three times, during the operations, did the shaft give way, but the indefatigable engineer was not daunted, and at last he has had his reward. The water, which the well pours forth incessantly, has converted one of the neighbouring streets into a river, but the workmen are at present employed in forming a channel for its proper conveyance from the spot. As might be expected, the fluid was at first mixed with sand and earth, and continued to be so for some time. It is perfectly sweet, however, and has no odour of a disagreeable kind, or any other deteriorating qualities. It is of such a temperature, that there is an obvious smoke arising from it when it reaches the surface. This is a feature not likely to continue, and indeed easily removable before use. The whole cost of this great work of art to the city of Paris is said to have been 160,000 francs. The perseverance in this labour for such a period of deferred success, is to be ascribed to the confidence resulting from modern geological discoveries, and the value of these is most splendidly shown by the success attained.

By an ingenious contrivance, M. Mulot has been able to raise large quantities of sand from the bottom of the well, thus clearing the water more rapidly, and also adding very considerably to its force and volume. This removal of the sand has been attended with curious consequences in more respects than one. After ceasing in a great measure to throw up sand, the well has begun to throw up shells and petrifactions of various kinds, the debris of a former world. But the most remarkable circumstance of all is the following. A rich merchant of Paris, afflicted with the gout, was told that the waters of the new well of Grenoble might cure his disease, and went forthwith to the spot. He procured a jugful of the waters, and took it to his lodgings to make use of it. Before he did this, however, he chanced to notice some glittering substance at the bottom of the water. He plunged in his fingers, and lifted a gold ring. This discovery surprised him a little, but, after he had looked at it for a moment, he astonished his wife by a cry of joy. She advanced to him, half alarmed for his senses. He soon calmed her, however, and at the same time astonished. The ring had an inscription upon it which proved it to be the marriage-ring of his mother, which he himself had lost long before under remarkable circumstances. When a boy, he had left his native district for Paris, with no possession in the world but his mother's ring. In passing one of the deep lakes of Auvergne, he had stooped to take a draught of water, and lost the ring, which the well of Grenoble had so strangely restored to him. About its identity there could be no doubt, as the names of both his father and mother were upon it. This incident made an extraordinary noise in Paris, the respectability of the gentleman to whom it occurred seeming to render the truth of the thing indisputable. Science teaches us, that, from the distant sources which the Artesian wells must necessarily have, such an occurrence is by no means impossible, though the circumstance of the ring falling into the owner's hands must appear almost miraculous, considering the chances to the contrary; indeed, we cannot say that we give the reputed incident implicit credit, and probably another version of the case may yet be made public.

The success of the operations at Grenoble have already induced engineers to make similar attempts in other quarters. One is begun on a large scale at Vienna.

CHEAP BOARD AND EDUCATION.

There is unfortunately a general disposition to grudge the expense of education. People will spend liberally on most things, and give extravagant entertainments for mere show, and yet be most penurious with regard to that which is in a great measure to fix the character and status of their children for life. Hence the almost universally small salaries of teachers, preceptors, and governesses, and the great stress laid upon cheap board and education at private seminaries. A popular living writer has done much to awaken public attention to the latter form of the absurdity, by his well-known delineations of *Dotheboys Hall* and its atrocious conductors, who undertook to maintain and educate children at the rate of twenty guineas per annum—a sum at which it is evidently impossible, in this country, to perform that duty in a satisfactory manner, so as to leave a profit upon the business. The only thing which Mr Dickens leaves us to regret is, that his sketches come before the public as fictitious, and that we are thus allowed to suppose them, for any thing we know to the contrary, as designed only to afford matter for amusing reading. In reality, the Squeers scenes, extravagant as they appear, are little more than portraitures of events which have actually taken place. There *were* such schools in Yorkshire eighteen years ago, and perhaps such schools may be there still. All this we can make clear by reference to two causes which were tried in the Court of Common Pleas on the 30th of October 1823, and which were reported in the newspapers of that time.

The first of these causes was a suit by a Mr —— a tavern-keeper in Fetter Lane, London, against Mr ——,* who kept a seminary in the north of England, where he professed to educate, board, and clothe boys at the rate of twenty guineas per annum. Induced by the representations of an agent of Mr ——, Mr —— had sent two of his sons, William and Richard, in November 1819, to the defendant's academy, they being then respectively nine and eleven years of age. They did not return at the holidays, and Mr —— and his wife do not appear to have experienced any uneasy sensations respecting their children till Christmas 1821, when the teacher called for them during a visit he paid to town, and, in answer to their inquiries, mentioned that the boys were quite well, but William had had a slight ailment in one of his eyes. Mr —— earnestly requested that, if the boy was not recovered on his return, he might be immediately sent to town for the best advice; which the defendant promised to do. It was afterwards ascertained that, at that time, William *had been stone blind for two months*, while Richard's eyesight was also in a highly critical state. It was only in the ensuing March that the defendant wrote to his agent, desiring him to request of Mr —— permission for William to remain some time longer, as, though one of his eyes was gone, the doctor in attendance expected to be of some use in preserving the other. The boys were immediately ordered home, when William was found quite blind, and Richard nearly so. The latter was only recovered by very skilful treatment.

The evidence given by the boys on the trial was to this effect:—They were treated well (having, for instance, toast for breakfast) the first week, but were then turned over amongst the other boys, who were from 260 to 300 in number. Their food, like that of all the other boys, then consisted of hasty pudding for breakfast; cakes made of oatmeal and potatoes, with rancid butter, for dinner, on all days of the week but three, when they had meat. They got warm water and a little milk for tea, and no supper. They were allowed, however, with their pocket-money, to buy the skimmings of the pot, and this they generally had to improve their tea on Sunday evenings. The fat often contained maggots: one of the ushers, hearing the boys complain of this upon one occasion, said he would give a penny for every maggot they could catch; and they caught a potfull. The beds were flocks, or hay or straw; and four or five boys slept in each bed. The beds were full of fleas. Every alternate morning the boys were set by the ushers to catch these intruders with quills cut on purpose; and if any one did not fill his quill, he got a good beating. The whole of the boys washed in the morning in a long horse-trough, with only two towels among them, and no soap but

* We do not reprint the name, from tenderness towards a person who, we are willing to believe, may have long since repented of the erroneous system into which he had been tempted.

on Saturdays. They were wretchedly clothed. They often wanted jackets and trousers for days, while these were mending. When any gentleman came to see the school, the master used to desire one of the ushers to make the boys without jackets and trousers hide under the tables.

Itch, a natural attendant on uncleanliness, and ophthalmia, an equally natural result of low diet amongst children, attacked the boys in this school. Those who had the former complaint were allowed to associate, and even to sleep and wash, with the rest. The boys who had sore eyes were kept aside in the wash-house, where the floor was of stone, and damp; and when the disease became in any instance severe, so as to occasion dimness or loss of sight, the patients in these instances were transferred to a private room, where they had medical attendance. A hundred boys in all, or fully a third of the whole number at school, suffered from ophthalmia.

Some evidence was adduced in defence. It was alleged that the eyesight of William —— had previously suffered from small-pox; but on the other hand, satisfactory evidence was given that he had completely recovered from that disease before he went to school. One of the ushers described the master's general treatment of the boys as humane, and said that their food was always of the best materials. It was also shown that he had been at considerable expense in subduing the ophthalmia in his school, though not till after extensive mischief had been done by it, and the boys —— had left the academy. The jury gave Mr —— damages to the amount of L.300. On the ensuing day, a similar case was brought forward by a Mr ——, who had three sons at the academy, all of whom had had their eyesight seriously injured. In this case, the defendant desired by his counsel that it might be disposed of without trial; and the jury gave a verdict accordingly, with a similar amount of damages.

These facts will, we trust, supply what is alone wanting in Mr Dickens's useful exposure of school iniquities—namely, proof that such things do occur in the actual world. It is thus seen that there really are people so unprincipled as to endeavour to make a livelihood by ill-treating a horde of poor unresisting children, and also parents so penurious or so heedless as to commit their children to a stranger residing at a great distance from them, whose very offers carry on their face the assurance that no good treatment or sound education is to be expected. We would hope that, by presenting to general notice a case of such horrible features, and so well-established in point of proof, we may help to correct the prevailing short-sighted policy of parents as to the expense of education—the last matter, it appears to us, in which fair and reasonable charges should be grudged.

MR TROLLOPE'S NEW WORK.

"A Summer in Western France"* is a new work of travel, ushered into the world after a fashion that is becoming annoyingly prevalent at the present day. The author and actual tourist in the case is Mr T. Adolphus Trollope, whose work on Brittany we noticed some time since; but the name which meets the eye most prominently on the title-page, and the only one visible on the back, is that of a much better known personage, Mrs Frances Trollope, designated the "editor" of the work. Perhaps sisterly affection calls for some allowance in this instance; and, indeed, it is the general practice chiefly which we would here take the opportunity of reprehending. We regret to see several men of good standing in literature lending, or we may safely say *selling*, their names, to pass off the inferior productions of unknown writers. The notion of "editing" a "novel," and a novel by a living writer, seems a very strange one; and it would be no great want of charity to suppose that the ostensible editors, in these cases, have nothing whatever to do with the matter—excepting always as regards the pocketing of the editorial fees. It is the growing frequency of this catchpenny trick that alone renders it worthy of a moment's notice, and which induces us now and thus to point to it in terms of condemnation.

On the present occasion, as already suggested, the circumstance of relationship renders it probable that the editorship has been not merely a nominal thing; though we think the author might have safely taken to the waters without any pilot-boat whatever. Enough, however, on this point. Mr Trollope started from Paris in the spring of 1840, in the direction of the Biscayan coasts, his way lying, of course, through the centre of France. The first point in his tour at which we shall take him up, is the town of Chartres, which has long given a subsidiary title to the newly throned family of Orleans. The shade of Mary Wollstonecraft, and the living entity of Lady Morgan, must be delighted with some of our author's statements about Chartres. "There is a corn-market every Saturday at Chartres, the most important in France, with the exception of Paris. It is worth visiting for the sake of seeing the operations of the women, to whom the entire duty of measuring the corn, delivering it to the buyers, receiving the price, and paying it over to the sellers, is confided. These women are more expressively than elegantly termed 'levetises de culs-de-poche' (sack-lifters); poche signifying, in the dialect of La Beauce, the sack in which the grain is brought to market. These women form an organised corporation, which has existed for several centuries. They enjoy a reputation for the strictest integrity, which is, indeed, sufficiently attested by the fact, that the whole transactions of the market, as above stated, are intrusted to them. Nor are they under any surveillance whatsoever. The buyer and seller alike put implicit confidence in them. The latter, when he has pitched his corn, leaves it entirely in their hands, goes about his business or pleasure in the town, and returns in the evening to receive the amount of the sale, without making any inquiries or taking any further trouble about it. The amount of confidence placed in the honesty of these women, and the importance of the charge confided to them, may be estimated from the fact, that ten thousand quintals of corn is by no means an unusual quantity to change hands in one market-day at Chartres, the whole of which is invariably disposed of for ready money, paid on the spot."

In our notice of Mr Trollope's last work, we quoted his description of a wedding in Brittany. An Orleannais marriage is attended with ceremonies scarcely less curious. Our tourist, on an excursion into Sologne, a district near Orleans, found the following customs to attend the great social rite on all occasions:—"At a wedding, the bride and bridegroom invariably appear each with a wax taper in the hand, with the view of ascertaining which is to be the survivor, as they doubt not that the one whose candle shall first burn out shall depart first from life. When a young couple marry without the means of commencing housekeeping, as is ordinarily the case, the contributions of the neighbourhood are always forthcoming to supply the deficiency. The mode of collecting these is whimsical enough. Five young peasant girls, dressed of course in their best 'costume de fête,' proceed to make the 'quête' among the assembled company, which consists for the most part of nearly the entire population of the parish. They conduct their operations in the following manner. The first holds a distaff and spindle in her hands, which she presents to each of the company, while she sings" a stanza, which we take the liberty of giving in a vernacular dress, in place of Mr Trollope's French. The allusion to "clothes" (duds) in the last line, from the double-gendered sense of the French "*un trousseau*," the expression used, is not very clear; and, possibly, a peculiar garment may be referred to, which, though properly masculine, has always been supposed to be an object of ambition to married dames.

> "The bride has a distaff, the bride has a wheel,
> But never a thread has the lassie to reel;
> Unless it be, neighbours, for help them from you,
> When the duds are to make, what on earth will she do?"

Mr Trollope continues:—"The second damsel receives the offerings produced by this appeal in the husband's drinking-cup. The third acts the part of Hebe, and pours out a draught of wine, which she offers to each contributor to the store. The fourth carries a napkin, with which she wipes the mouth of the guest after his draught, and thus prepares the way for the performance of the duty intrusted to the fifth, always the prettiest of the party, that of rewarding him for his generosity with a kiss."

Proceeding in our task of picking here and there a tid-bit from the agreeable banquet laid before us by our traveller, we follow him as he steams it down the Loire to Blois. There he sees the cathedral, an old Gothic building much spoken of, but with which he is disappointed on the whole.

At the town of Loches, Mr Trollope picks up an anecdote worth relating, as showing the simple sincerity of character distinguishing the inland peasantry of France. "An old woman in the diligence told a long story about a good wife, who, finding her 'soupe maigre' one Friday particularly good, was equally surprised and contented, till, at the bottom of the pot, she found a snake which had fallen into it down the chimney. The snake made excellent soup, and if it had happened on any other day it would have been a piece of good luck, and there would have been an end of it. But here had the good soul been eating '*gras*' on a Friday. She thought the snake was a young one of the old serpent, expressly sent to fling himself into her pot, and be made soup of—a martyr to the bad cause, for the perdition of her soul. She hurried to the curé, and assured him, with tears in her eyes, that, though the soup *had* tasted particularly good, she had not the slightest notion of what was in the pot till she came to the bottom of it; on the strength of which assurance the good priest gave her absolution, admonishing her only to put a cover on her pot for the future—on Fridays."

In passing down the Loire, and making many remarks of a character at once entertaining and instructive, Mr Trollope takes occasion to describe one of the largest works of art in this part of France, an embankment designed to protect the country from inundation. "The road between Tours and Saumur runs along the top of the embankment, which extends, on the northern side of the river, the whole distance from Angers to Blois. On the southern side, it continues for some distance above that. This immense work, called 'les levées de la Loire,' is destined to protect the valley from the disastrous effects of the floods to which the river is subject. These vast dykes are said to have existed in part since the ninth century, but were consolidated and much improved in the fourteenth, and were completed towards the end of the seventeenth. The side exposed to the stream is clothed with a coat of masonry, and the other is planted with willows, poplars, &c. Since the completion of the work, in the seventeenth century, it has been found necessary to raise the embankment, throughout nearly its whole length, about three feet, to keep pace with the continually rising bed of the river. The dyke is now about twenty-two French feet in height, from eighty to a hundred feet in width at the base, and from eighteen to thirty-six at the top. Its total length is about 74,000 metres.

The immense importance of this great work, and the continual labour necessary to keep it in repair, may be easily conceived. The yearly produce of the valley protected by it is estimated at the average amount of 4,000,000 of francs. And although since 1711 no mischief has occurred, the state of the dykes is a constant subject of anxiety to the proprietors and farmers in the valley, and the period of the dissolution of the snows in the mountains in which the river rises, is ever looked forward to with apprehension.

Three-and-twenty times, between 1496 and 1761, the dyke yielded before the weight of water, which, rushing into the lowlands, swept all before it, carrying ruin and destruction with it for many a league. The local traditions of these disasters are not forgotten in the valley, and the various calamities which followed them are still often the subject of the winter evening's conversation in many a farm-house, and the remembrance of them perpetuated from father to son. Even now, though it is more than a century and a quarter since the last disaster, the inhabitants, during the season of the floods, often leave their farmyards and fields *en masse*, and give their whole attention to strengthening and temporarily heightening the embankment.

The most calamitous of these overflowings of the river on record was that of 1615, which is still remembered under the appellation of 'le deluge de Saumur,' that town having been the principal scene of its fury. Upon that occasion, not only was the open country entirely laid waste, and live-stock and crops destroyed to an immense amount, but the town itself suffered severely, the greater part of the streets having been under water for fifteen days.

The regular labours for the maintenance of the dyke in good repair never cease, and are intrusted to 'cantonniers,' who are distributed by brigades over the whole distance it embraces. The great road to Spain by Orleans, Tours, and Bordeaux, runs along a portion of the northern embankment; and it was on the continuation of this line of road, which runs from Tours to Saumur, that I was now travelling.

Nothing can be better adapted to afford a complete view of the river than a road thus constructed, and, mounted on high in the 'cabriolet' of a diligence, I enjoyed the drive extremely. It was a beautiful sunny afternoon; there was just wind enough from the west to fill the sails of the craft on the river, and bear them slowly though steadily onwards towards Orleans, the grand destination of most of the barges which navigate the Loire. Their various cargoes are thence forwarded, without any land carriage, to Paris by the Orleans canal, which is decidedly the most important canal navigation in the kingdom.

Below Tours, the Loire very considerably improves in beauty; the banks are far more varied and more thickly studded with objects of interest and picturesque attraction, and the river itself has far more of the characteristics of a mighty stream. The long strips of low, flat, hideous sand, are exchanged for a succession of little islands, which, verdant, and in most instances covered with fine trees, though they detract from the grandeur of the river as such, yet compensate in a great degree for this mischief, by being beautiful objects in themselves. The river, thus divided into two, or sometimes into three branches, assumes the appearance of a watery labyrinth of sylvan streams, meandering among green banks, whose overhanging trees throw a fitful and ever-changing shade across the sun-lit surface of the water. And nothing can be conceived prettier than the effect of a long line of barges, threading their way through such parts of the river.

The barges on the Loire have one rectangular, very tall, white sail, set squarewise on the mast, and reaching from the top to the bottom of it. They usually ascend the river in long lines of six or seven attached to each other; and the little fleet, thus seen across the trees of an island, with the sun glancing on their dazzling sails,

* Colburn, London: 1841.

or emerging into the open stream and full sun-light from the shady gloom of some narrow strait, would make a leading feature in many an attractive landscape which these banks of the Loire might furnish."

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

To the already numerous list of writers on the United States, we have now to add Mr Buckingham, to whose inquiries into the moral state of that country we formerly alluded. His work is an elegant one, in three volumes, and is allowed to contain much valuable personal observation, though somewhat cumbered with documentary and statistical matter. From amongst many interesting passages which we had marked for quotation, we select, in the mean time, the following passages, one of which refers to a point scarcely touched on by former writers:—

THE FINE ARTS.

"In the fine arts it were unreasonable to expect that the Americans should have made much progress; considering, first, the infancy of their country as an independent nation; and, next, the almost universal absence of leisure in any extensive class. Notwithstanding this, there are already indications that the arts are relished and enjoyed by many, and that they will ere long be successfully cultivated by more.

Of music, it is remarked that the Americans are great admirers, though it is very unusual to meet with any lady or gentleman who sings or plays in a manner that would be called 'well' in England; and it is certain that they have not yet produced a single individual of their nation who has enjoyed any reputation as a public singer, instrumental performer, or composer of music in any form. Nevertheless, in the simple execution of sacred music in the choirs of public worship, there is an accuracy and a sweetness of harmony which are very striking to the ear of a stranger; and even in the oratorios that are now and then got up, the choruses are well sustained by American voices. But to the higher branches of the art they have never reached. Their patronage, however, of foreign singers, is extremely liberal. Mr and Mrs Wood, but especially the latter, were greeted with large audiences throughout the Union; and Madame Caradori Allen has still more recently been attended, in all the large cities, with overflowing numbers, and honoured, most deservedly, with universal admiration.

In painting some progress has been made. The number of American gentlemen of fortune, who have travelled through Europe, and brought back with them fine pictures of the ancient masters, for their private collections, is considerable; and every fresh accession to the number and variety of such pictures serves to familiarise those who see them with the best models, and thus to form a correct taste. Of native American painters there are now several rising into reputation. One of these, Mr Cole, I had the pleasure to meet in New York: he is not more than thirty years of age; yet he has already attained to an excellence that would give him a very high rank in England. The two first of his pictures that I saw were landscape compositions, 'Morning' and 'Evening,' painted for Mr Van Rausalaer, the patroon of Albany, at a thousand dollars each; and for beauty of composition, harmony of parts, accuracy of drawing, and force of effect, I have never seen any modern pictures that surpassed them.

His greatest work, however, is a series of five paintings, now in the possession of a wealthy citizen of New York, Mr Reed; who has a very interesting gallery, which he opens to all persons properly introduced, on Thursday in each week, and to whom we had the pleasure of being presented by Miss Sedgwick, the authoress. These pictures are intended to represent the Course of Empires; and the five divisions are thus characterised:—

The first exhibits the savage state, in which a noble composition of mountain, bay, and forest, is exhibited in all the wildness of primeval disorder. The few figures that are seen are hunters, occupied in the chase. Nothing can exceed the truth to nature of this beautiful picture.

The second, though not so grand, is more beautiful. It represents the pastoral condition of mankind: the plough is in use, drawn by a yoke of oxen, and shepherds are attending their flocks; a village is built on the shore of the bay; boats are constructing on the beach, and some are in motion on the water; while a druidical temple, with altars of sacrifice, crowns the summit of one of the hills. The verdure is more rich, and less encumbered with weeds, than in the former picture. The trees are more open, and in the space between them, on the lawn and in the shadows, a rustic party are enjoying the dance to the shepherd's reed. The tranquillity of the sky, the clearness of the atmosphere, and the brilliancy of the tints, all harmonise with the representation of innocence and happiness, and make it delightful to gaze on these associated objects for a great length of time.

The third picture of the series is a representation of the meridian glory of a great empire, in the very zenith of its prosperity and fame; and it is impossible to conceive a more gorgeous picture than this. The bay, seen in its wild and savage state in the first of the series, and in the pastoral condition in the second, is here lined on each side with a noble city, adorned with the most splendid architecture, in palaces, temples, bridges, aqueducts, and fountains. A vast and crowded procession is passing over the bridge that connects these two divisions of the city, accompanying a hero, who is drawn in an elevated car by elephants, and attended by squadrons of horse and foot, as he passes beneath a triumphal arch, on which incense is burning, and from whence banners and armorial ensigns float. Countless myriads of human beings throng every part of the edifices, pediments, galleries, and roofs. The sea is covered with galleys of the most beautiful forms and richest decorations; and every thing indicates the triumph of art and the zenith of civilisation.

The fourth picture introduces the elements of destruction and decay. A storm is raging on the sea, and consigning to wreck the numerous ships and boats that before were seen riding at anchor in safety, or floating in gallant trim and gay security. The horrors of war are depicted with all the force that the most poetical imagination could give to it. A battle rages in the city. The bridge, so recently the scene of the triumphal procession, is now the seat of carnage, havoc, and slaughter. Every variety of attitude and of weapon, every form of ferocity and vengeance, are depicted with terror-thrilling truth; and fire, tempest, and murder rage with unbridled fury all around.

The last picture shows the same beautiful bay, in all the solitude of ruin and desolation. The fragments that remain of the vast and gorgeous city, like the ruins of Thebes, of Palmyra, of Athens, and of Rome, form a melancholy skeleton of the glorious figure which they each exhibited when in perfection. The single solitary column, of vast proportions, grey in aspect, worn in surface, overgrown with ivy and moss, rising from the ruined bridge on which the triumphal procession and the battle-scene were previously depicted, is one of the most impressive objects that can be seen upon canvass; while the surrounding fragments of noble edifices crumbling into dust, the second wilderness of nature restored in the tangled thicket and entwined verdure of the soil, and the pale light of the moon shed over the whole, are all calculated to produce a train of melancholy feelings in any beholder of the least degree of sensibility.

On myself, perhaps, the effect of this beautiful series of pictures, representing the Course of Empires, was stronger than it might have been on many others, from its rekindling in my bosom the feelings I had so powerfully experienced when standing amid the ruins of ancient grandeur, at Alexandria, Memphis, and Thebes—at Tyre, Sidon, and Jerusalem—and at Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis; the course of these great cities and empires having been exactly that which was here so beautifully and so pathetically pourtrayed; and this feeling was still further strengthened, perhaps, by the apprehension, that the same fate might probably be maturing in the womb of time, for the great cities and nations that now rule the earth."

THE PRESIDENT'S DRAWING-ROOM.

"We went with the family of Colonel Gardiner, who is attached to the public service here, and found the company already assembled in great numbers. The official residence of the president is a large and substantial mansion, on the scale of many of the country seats of our English gentry, but greatly inferior in size and splendour to the country residences of most of our nobility; and the furniture, though sufficiently commodious and appropriate, is far from being elegant or costly. The whole air of the mansion and its accompaniments, is that of unostentatious comfort, without parade or display, and therefore well adapted to the simplicity and economy which are characteristic of the republican institutions of the country.

The president received his visiters standing, in the centre of a small oval room, the entrance to which was directly from the hall on the ground-floor. The introductions were made by the city marshal, who announced the names of the parties; and each, after shaking hands with the president, and exchanging a few words of courtesy, passed into the adjoining rooms, to make way for others. The president [at the time Mr Buckingham visited the country], Mr Van Buren, is about sixty years of age, is a little below the middle stature, and of very bland and courteous manners; he was dressed in a plain suit of black; the marshal was habited also in a plain suit: and there were neither guards without the gate or sentries within, nor a single servant or attendant in livery any where visible. Among the company we saw the English minister, Mr Fox, a nephew of Lord Holland, and the French minister, Monsieur Pontoi, both of whom were also in plain clothes; and the only uniforms, in the whole party, were those of three or four officers of the American navy, officially attached to the navy yard at Washington; and half a dozen officers of the American army, on active service. Some of the dresses of the ladies were elegant, but generally characterised by simplicity, and jewels were scarcely at all worn. The party, therefore, though consisting of not less than 2000 persons, was much less brilliant than a drawing room in England, or a fashionable soirée in Paris; but it was far more orderly and agreeable than any party of an equal number that I ever remember to have attended in Europe.

There being no rank (for the president himself is but a simple citizen, filling a certain office, for a certain term), there was no question of precedence, and no thought, as far as I could discover, of comparison as to superiority. Every one present acted as though he felt himself to be on a perfect footing of equality with every other person; and if claims of preference were ever thought of at all, they were tested only by the standard of personal services or personal merits. Amidst the whole party, therefore, whether in the small receiving-room, and around the person of the president, or in the larger room of promenade, where 500 persons at least were walking in groups, or in the small adjoining rooms, to which parties retired for seats and conversation, nothing approaching to supercilliousness or rudeness was seen. The humbler classes—for of these there were many, since the only qualification for admission to the morning levee, or the evening drawing-room, is that of being a citizen of the United States—behaved with the greatest propriety; and though the pressure was at one time excessive, when it was thought that there were nearly 3000 persons in the different apartments, yet we never heard a rude word, or saw a rude look, but every thing indicated respect, forbearance, and perfect contentment; and when the parties retired, which was between eleven and twelve o'clock, there was not half so much bustle in getting up the carriages, which were very numerous, as is exhibited at a comparatively small party in England; nor was any angry word, as far as we could discover, exchanged between the drivers and servants in attendance.

This drawing room, from which we retired about midnight, as we were among the last that remained, impressed us altogether with a very favourable opinion of the social character of the American people. Members of the opposition, most hostile to the president in his official capacity, were present, and interchanged their civilities with him in the most cordial manner, laying aside their characters as senators and representatives, and here meeting the chief magistrate of the republic as citizens only. The citizens themselves, of every other class, exhibited no symptom of any other feeling than that of respect and satisfaction; and as this could only be accounted for on the principle that the absence of all artificial distinctions in society—except those which personal merit may create, and which may be called natural and just—leads to the absence of all envy and discontent; and therefore a democratic crowd of 2000 persons were, from the operation of this principle, seen to conduct themselves in a more respectful, subdued, and orderly manner, than the same number of persons, especially if of very different conditions in life, would be likely to do in any of the older countries of Europe, where such distinctions of rank exist, and where the consequences are envy, feuds, and discontent.

We had subsequently (continues the author) another opportunity of witnessing the extreme simplicity of the president's manners, and the entire absence of all form and state in his movements. On Sunday the 11th of March, we attended the Episcopalian church of Dr Hawley, where the service is performed as in the established church of England. It being near the president's house and most of the public offices, a large portion of the congregation is composed of the families of members of the cabinet and heads of departments. The president walked into the church, unattended by a single servant, took his place in a pew in which others were sitting besides himself, and retired in the same manner as he came, without being noticed more prominently than any other member of the congregation, and walking home alone, until joined by one or two personal friends, like any other private gentleman. In taking exercise, he usually rides out on horseback, and is generally unattended, or if accompanied by a servant, never by more than one. Every where that he passes, he is treated with just the same notice as any other respectable inhabitant of the city would be, but no more. Yet this is so far from lessening, as might by some be supposed, the influence or authority of the president in his official capacity, that no one presumes to show less reverence for, or less obedience to, the laws on this account; and thus the compatibility of extreme simplicity in manners with perfect respect to authority, is practically demonstrated."

ANECDOTES OF AVARICE.

Avarice, says the author of *Religio Medici*, seems to me not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madness; and if he had added incurable, his definition would have been perfect; for an avaricious man is never to be cured unless by the same medicine which perhaps may cure a mad dog. The arguments of reason, philosophy, or religion, will have little effect upon him; he is born and framed to a sordid love of money, which first appears when he is very young, grows up with him, and increases in middle age, and when he is old, and all his passions have subsided, wholly engrosses him. The greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of an immense treasure, will never prevail against avarice. My Lord Hardwick, the late Lord Chancellor, who is said to be worth L.800,000, sets the same value on half a crown now as he did when he was only worth L.100. That great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public room in Bath to his lodgings, in a cold dark night, to save sixpence in chair hire. If the duke, who left at his death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honours were to be inherited by a grandson of my Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies, would he have been so careful to save sixpence for the sake of his heir? Not for the sake of his heir; but he would always have saved sixpence. Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in George's Coffee-house, and paying two-

pence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very lame and infirm), and went home; some time after, he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about L.40,000 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir. I knew one Sir Thomas Colby, who lived at Kensington, and was, I think, a commissioner in the Victualling-Office; he killed himself by rising in the middle of the night, when he was in a very profuse sweat, the effect of a medicine which he had taken for that purpose, and walking down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlour: he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine. This man died intestate, and left more than L.200,000 in the funds, which was shared among five or six day-labourers, who were his nearest relations. Sir William Smyth, of Bedfordshire, who was my kinsman, when he was near seventy, was wholly deprived of his sight; he was persuaded to be couched by Taylor, the oculist, who, by agreement, was to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was able to read and write without the use of spectacles during the rest of his life; but as soon as the operation was performed, and Sir William perceived the good effects of it, instead of being overjoyed, as any other person would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance, therefore, now was how to cheat the oculist: he pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing perfectly; for that reason the bandage on his eye was continued a month longer than the usual time. By this means he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain, and accept of twenty guineas; for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest which he may legally practise to save his money. Sir William was an old bachelor, and at the time Taylor couched him, had a fair estate in land, a large sum of money in the stocks, and not less than L.5000 or L.6000 in his house. But to conclude this article; all the dramatic writers, both ancient and modern, as well as the keenest and most elegant satirists, have exhausted their whole stock of wit to expose avarice: this is the chief subject of Horace's satires and epistles: and yet the character of a covetous man hath never yet been fully drawn or sufficiently explained. The *Euclio* of Plautus, the *L'Avare* of Moirre, and the *Miser* of Shadwell, have been all exceeded by some persons who have existed within my own knowledge. If you could bestow on a man of this disposition the wealth of both the Indies, he would not have enough; because by enough (if such a word is to be found in the vocabulary of avarice) he always means something more than he is possessed of. Crassus, who had a yearly revenue sufficient to maintain a great army, perished, together with his son, in endeavouring to add to his store. In the fable of the Midas, the poet had exhibited a complete character, if Midas, instead of renouncing the gift which God had bestowed on him, had chosen to die in the act of creating gold.—*From Dr King's Anecdotes of his own Times.*

SALE OF SLAVES IN VIRGINIA.

The following advertisement and account of a sale of slaves are noticed in a late Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society:—

"'Monday next, at 9 A.M., at public sale, the slaves whose names follow, all negroes of the first quality—namely, Betsy, a negro woman, twenty-three years of age, with her child Cæsar, three years old: an excellent cook, washer, and ironer; warranted healthy. Julia, a mulatto girl, aged thirteen, robust and active, a good field-labourer; with the exception of a slight defect in the left eye, she is without fault.'

'Let us proceed, gentlemen,' cried the seller of human flesh, in a stentorian voice; 'let us proceed—a woman for sale! An excellent woman; not a fault! and a little boy in the bargain. How much for the mother and child?—250 dollars; very well, sir—250 to begin. Some one has bid 250. Truly, gentlemen, they sell cattle for a larger price; 250? look at these eyes, examine these limbs—shall I say 260? Thanks, gentlemen, some one has bid 260. It seems to me that I heard 275; go on, gentlemen; I have never sold such a bargain. How! 280 for the best cook, the best washer, and the best dressmaker in Virginia? Must I sell her for the miserable price of 280? 300; two gentlemen have said 300. Very well, gentlemen; I am happy to see you begin to warm a little. Some one bid 310—310, going—330—335—340—340, going. Upon my honour, gentlemen, it is indeed a sacrifice to lose so good a cook; a great bargain for 340 dollars. Reflect upon it a little, and do not forget there is a little boy in the bargain.'

Here our auctioneer was interrupted in his harangue by one of his customers, a man whose appearance had inspired me, from the first moment, with a feeling of horror, and who, with the indifference and *sang froid* of an assassin, made to him the following observation:—'As for the negro child, it is good for nothing; it is not worth a day's nourishment; and if I have the mother, I will give away the child very quick; the first bidder will be able to have it at a cheap bargain.'

I glanced at the unfortunate mother, anxious to see what effect this barbarous proposal would have upon her. She did not speak, but a profound sadness was impressed on her countenance. The little innocent which she held in her arms, fixed his large eyes on her, as if saying, 'Mamma, why do you weep?' Then he turned towards the witnesses of this heart-rending scene, with an expression that seemed to ask, what they had done to his mother to make her weep so bitterly. No, never will this moment escape my memory; it has confirmed me for all my life in the horror that I already felt at this infamous traffic. The auction continued, and finally the crier, striking a heavy blow with a hammer, pronounced the award to Mr ——, for 360 dollars. The victim descended from the table, and was led away by the purchaser. The other slaves were sold in the same manner as poor Betsy. Julia was sold at 326 dollars, and Augustus at 105. They both fell to the same individual who had purchased the former lot."

In what a mean position in the scale of civilised nations do the Americans place themselves by tolerating and legalising such barbarities!

"ALL RIGHT."

TUNE—"*Packington's Pound.*"

While the coach stops a moment, a cup of brown ale
To the chilly *outside* is a welcome regale;
Mine host hands it smiling, and when it's drunk up,
He takes back the sixpence along with the cup:
Not a tittle cares he
For the jeopardy
That may be on the cards for the passengers three;
He slips to his pocket the silver so bright,
And passes the word to the coachman—"*All Right!*"

They may drive any where, may lose life or break limb,
No matter what happens, 'tis all right to him,
He has served out his liquor, and taken his cash,
He stands unaffected, though all go to smash;
Had the sixpence proved bad,
Or none to be had,
In that case alone would mine host have been sad;
But the coin was forthcoming, and honour was bright,
And so he reported to coachy—"*All Right!*"

If we look round the world, I think we shall see
That many are much in the same way as he;
Give them all that they wish for, concede every claim,
And what hops to others will ne'er trouble them:
They wish ill to none,
But then there is *one*
On whose fortunes exclusive their thoughts ever run;
When *that one* is served, they look round with delight,
And, though friends may be sinking, their cry is—"*All Right!*"

The tradesman will tell you his wares are so fine,
And he takes but five shillings for what is worth nine;
He advises his customers, quite as their friend,
On goods so good-cheap very freely to spend;
His words are so nice
That they take his advice,
And for all they purchase they only pay thrice;
He sees them depart with a bow so polite,
And pockets their money, and thinks it—*All Right.*

The lawyer so wily will push on your plea,
But for ev'ry new motion expects a big fee;
He bids you have courage, nor heed how you bleed,
For, if you but pay well, you're sure to succeed:
Long, long the delay,
But at length comes the day
When to all your great hopes the wise judges say nay:
You're left just enough to pay off Master Bite,
Who receipts your last doit with an easy "*All Right!*"

You're ill, and the doctor attends at your call,
Feels your pulse, and looks grave, but says nothing at all;
You think him so knowing—he's only demure—
And expect every day he will bring you a cure:
He tries all his skill
With blister and pill,
But it all ends in nothing but swelling his bill;
At last you march off, like a poor mortal wight,
And he slams to the door of your hearse with—"*All Right!*"

The would-be M. P. comes with smiles and with bows,
Caresses your children, and kisses your spouse,
He's full of professions—will do this and that—
And to all your opinions his own are so pat:
You think you have got
A sound patriot,
And do less you cannot than give him your vote:
In the House he sees things in a quite diff'rent light,
The fellow has chous'd you—no matter—*All Right!*

The man who has thousands on thousands in store,
And still ev'ry year adds a few thousands more,
Who feasts in a palace, from plate, ev'ry day,
With the world all around him so pleasant and gay—
He sees his poor neighbour
Oppressed with his labour,
So unlike the old days of the pipe and the tabor;
He's perhaps no bad fellow, but still to his sight
The arrangement seems perfect—his cry is "*All Right!*"

In short, with all human the rule must still hold—
Let a gemman, for instance, have honours and gold;
Give a lady that handsomest, landedest squire,
Whom all other ladies most praise and admire;
Or give to a child
A platter well fill'd,
While others are starving and crying like wild;
Each fortunate elf will be satisfied quite
With the course of events, and declare it—*All Right!*

June 1841. R. C.

BARBAROUS CONDUCT IN A FATHER.

We find, in the *Newsman* of Ardennes, the following details of a frightful affair, into which the officers of justice in that quarter have just instituted inquiries:—

Twelve years ago, the daughter of a joiner, in a village near Mezieres, was sought in marriage by a young man of a neighbouring town. The parties agreed, and, after the nuptials, the young woman removed to the house of her husband. At the end of some months, she displayed certain signs of mental alienation; and the malady appeared to the husband such as to justify his conveyance of her to her father's house, where, from their better acquaintance with her character, he asserted or believed that she would have the best chance of being cured.

The father received his daughter, but at the same time cast about in his mind for some scheme to render her as slight a burden to him as possible. He fell upon the following plan. An upright wooden box, resembling a coffin, was constructed by him, the one end of which was left open, and this he fixed, in an upright position, in a corner of his stable. By coaxing or threats, he got his daughter to enter this, and then he shut her up in such a way that she could not escape from it. The head of the unfortunate being was not left out of or above the prison, but the box was sufficiently roomy to permit of her catching the food let down upon her head, and of her lifting it with her hand to her lips. For twelve years, to the great regret, probably, of her parent, this miserable creature continued shut up in her wooden prison, her feet resting on a bar of wood below. He allowed no one to enter the place but himself. At length the position of the captive was discovered. When she was taken out, it was found that, from the continued pressure upon her limbs and joints, she had decreased many inches in height. In fact, she was not a moving perfect woman, but more like something with mere vitality, without other human properties. She was in a state of helpless idiocy, having forgot her powers of speech, and uttering only inarticulate sounds; for she had not heard a word addressed to her for the whole term of her incarceration. This case of awful brutality excited the utmost horror and indignation in the neighbourhood.

AN AGED PRISONER.

The oldest of European prisoners has just died at Ghent. Latude and the Count de Lorge were confined in the Bastille for thirty-two years; the prisoner in question has undergone a captivity of sixty-three years in the prisons of Ghent. Pierre-Joseph Loete, born at Deirlyk, was condemned to death on the 26th November 1778, for the crime of assassination. He was at that time only seventeen years of age. Whether from the existence of palliating circumstances in his case, or for other reasons, the Society of St George of Ghent petitioned the Empress Maria Theresa in his favour, and his punishment was commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

In 1814, Loete was liberated by the Count de Bichaloff, Hetman of the Cossacks of the Don, then quartered in Ghent; but, deprived of the means of subsistence, of relatives, and friends, during a captivity of thirty-six years, he begged as a favour to be allowed again to enter the prison, which had been so long his asylum. His request was granted; and he remained at Raphnis up to within these few last days, his age at his decease being eighty.

TEMPERANCE ENFORCED IN HAWAII.

The king of the Hawaiin islands, as we learn from an American paper, enacted a law, in October last, prohibiting the manufacture and use of intoxicating liquors within his dominions. This decisive measure is in the following terms:—

"In consequence of our desire to promote the order and welfare of the kingdom, we have assembled to reflect on the subject, and now enact this law.

I. If any man take sugar-cane, melons, or any other article of food, and transform it into an intoxicating liquor, and drink it, he shall be fined one dollar, and if he do the like again, the fine shall be two dollars, and thus the fine shall be doubled for every offence, even to the utmost extent.

II. If any one make an intoxicating liquor, such as is mentioned above, and give it to another to drink, he, too, shall be fined, according to the first section of this law.

III. Whosoever shall drink that which another has prepared, in order to produce intoxication, as mentioned above, he, too, has violated this law, and shall be fined in the same manner as he who prepared the drink.

IV. If a man be fined according to the above requirement, and have no money, he may then pay his fine in produce, or, if he have no produce, he may pay it in labour, the labour being proportioned to the amount of the fine, or, if he do not labour, the punishment may be increased, or he may be confined in irons.

V. When this law is proclaimed by a crier in any village, the day of the proclamation shall be the day that it takes effect at any place. But if it be not proclaimed, it shall take effect on the last day of November, at all the places of these Hawaiin islands."

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We continue to receive numerous letters applying for *special* advice on the subject of emigration, which we should be glad to answer if our time and other circumstances permitted. As it is totally out of our power to reply in that manner, either in the form of letter or otherwise, we can only refer to the general explanations offered in No. 488 of the JOURNAL, and to the collection of cheap sheets on the principal fields of emigration, lately published in our INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. This collection forms a *part*, called the *Emigration Part*, price 7d., and may be had from any bookseller. It contains an account, geographical and otherwise, of the British possessions in America, the United States of America, Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand, together with many particular instructions for persons intending to settle in those countries.

An individual who has procured the part just mentioned, asks if persons sent out to Australia *free* by government are required to make any future payment for their passage. We consider this a curious specimen of ignorance of terms, and shows the necessity for emigration boards using only simple and most explicit language. We answer the inquiry by saying that the word *free* means *no charge whatever*. Those sent out free are never called on to pay any thing afterwards, neither are they required to give any labour as a compensation. The object in giving free passages is to allow the settlers to hire labourers or servants; and when these free passengers go out they are immediately hired at good wages.

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